Hymn To the Morrigan

Words Copyright (C) 1988 by Isaac Bonewits
music traditional (Lagan LAd/Quiet Joys)
---for Sally---

O Morrigann, we call your name
Across the dusty years.
You speak to us, of blood and lust.
You show us all our fears.
You are a Goddess, old and wise.
Of Holy power you have no dearth.
Beneath your wings, black, red and white,
We learn of death and birth.

You walk about, this ancient land,
Your hungers raw and clear.
You make the crops, grow rich and strong,
As well your geese and deer.
A flirting maid, a lusty hag,
A mother of great girth:
Without the touch, of your black wings,
We cannot heal the earth.

You float upon, a blood red wave,
Of swords and spears and knives.
Your voice inspires, fear and dread,
that you'll cut short our lives.
You try the warriors', courage sore,
our inner souls unearth.
Without the touch, of your red wings,
We cannot know our worth.

You fly above, the silver clouds,
To Manannan's shining gate.
You lead the dead, along that path,
to meet our final fate.
The joke's on us, we Find Within.
A land of Laughter and of mirth.
Without the touch, of your white wings,
We cannot have rebirth.

[From The Druids' Progress Report Number Three]
****
Reprint Procedure: NeoPagan, Druidic, Scholarly, midievalist and Cultural Publications may reprint any material written by P.E.I. Bonewits, but his copyright notice must appear. If more than 250 words are exercpted one cent per word should be donated to ADF.
For More information on ADF please send a SASE to: ADF, Post Office Box 1022, Nyack, NY 10960-1022 USA. ADF is a non-profit organization.
****